ity and Its Rich Reward.

After That, Christopher Schuyler, the Facetious Young Benedict, Concluded It Was Best Not to Make Fun of the Teminine Trait.

From the Springfield Republican. The study door opened softly, Christopher Schuyler finished the sentencehe was writing, and then looked up. The dimpled, rosy and altogether welcome face of his bride of a week con-

You said you would be ready in half an hour," said she, reproachfully, "and it's more than an hour."

Dimples and roses then betook them-selves outside the door once more, and Mr. Schuyler, suddenly remembering that he had promised to drive with his wife that afternoon, wiped his pen on the wiper which nature provides all but baid-headed men, turned his manuscript face down, slammed a paper-weight upon it, and rushed hastily after the departed one, shouting: All right, darling; soon as I find my

"I propose not to have a hat tree in every room in this house," observed the young lady, while Mr. Schuyler was frantically instituting an unavailing search for some kind, any kind of headgear. She then contemptuously bent one finger at a bust of Schopenhauer, and Schuyler, with an exclamation of relief, captured from the philosopher a oft felt hat and adorned his own head with it without much loss of time.
But does any one suppose that the

preparations were over?

Button my glove." ordered the head of the family, and her husband obeyed. "Oh, my veil! Chris, dear, its on the dressing case," and Chris, dear, went upstairs two steps at a time after it. But that isn't the right one Chris!

Would you have me wear a terra cotta veil with a Nile green hat? Heavens!" The catastrophe averted, there was still a parasol to subdue, a wandering ribbon to reduce to order, and curls about, above and around her ears to arrange in a more orderly, but not less

coquettish manner.
"You hear the whispered words she hears,
You little ringlets round her ears."
chanted her bond slave, and lifted his
mistress to her seal in the carriage, bestowing a hug and receiving a pinch on Where shall we go, sweetest?" said

"Let us go where you have often prom ised to drive me, but never did, faith-less man," she answered, "To the an-cestral halls of the Schuylers."

"As you like, but I warn you, Winifred, they are now the ancestral halls of the Murphys, Sullivans, O'Tooles and O Briens. The Schuylers haven't lived there for lifty years, for when the mills were built in Schuylertown the hands took possession of all the waste land anywhere about, and ended by swarming into the mansion itself."

"No matter, I want to go there, just the same. And on the way you can tell me all the legends connected with the old house. Didn't you say it was 200 years old?"

"Or thereabouts," said he, declining to commit himself.

'Wasn't there ever a murder or suior something equally shocking in it? Come, freeze my young blood at once with the most unpleasant tradi-tion you can think of! Wasn't there a bloody crime, and somebody hanged?" No Schuyler was ever hanged that I

know of," said Christopher, "but doubtless, there are many, even now, who richly deserve it. Concerning legends, I you about Dancing Damaris, if you like. 'Dancing Damaris!" how delicious!"

"And about old Syrena Schuyler, who was a witch in the days when witches were fashionable."

"Ah, my blood is already commenc-

ing to congeal," said Winifred, comfortably settling back. Old Syrena lived and died in the house where we are going. She must have been an uncomfortable person by all accounts. Her neighbors each side of her had to give up tying their cat-tle in the stalls, because by her magic power they became unloosed as fast as the farmers tied them. Once she was far away from home and found it needful to return to get a piece of cloth she had left behind her. She retraced her steps and was gone only a few minutes, bringing the cloth. An other time some boys near the Schuy-ber house treed a squirrel, the largest they had ever seen. They shot at it a number of times, but failed to hit it. Finally they left it and were going way, when it ran down out of the tree and turned into a large striped cat. The cat ran before them and they becan to pelt it with stones, but the the cat than they did on the squirrel, the cat ran through a closed window into the Schuyler house, and immeditely after old Syrena looked out of the window at the boys, who took to their her in. beels with great unanimity. The theory is, of course, that Syrena took the

'Dear old Syrena!" murmured Wini-But that isn't all about Syrena. Shbut she wouldn't. She owned farms and let them, but never would collect her rents or any other bills, and when people called to pay her, she would not let them into the house, or she would throw the money out of the door. Of

form of both squirrel and cat."

course she lived alone; witches al-ways do, you know, except for cats"— "And squirrels," amended Winifred. 'And a person going to see her one cold day found her starved, frozen and dying. The neighbors came to care for her, and she died that night, but in the midst of a terrible racket. Loud voices and footsteps were heard, shouts in the woods near by and echoes of horses galloping, and in the house dishes rattled, bells rang, the tongs and poker conversed, and whispers, mysterious rattlings and rustlings continued till poor old Syrena was laid in her grave where she has parefulle. her grave, where she has peacefully ever since, I hope.

"And doesn't her ghost appear, I beg leave to inquire?"
"Never did, I believe. That was re-

served for Dancing Damaris."

"Oh! delightful! Now tell me all about Dancing Damaris."

"I think Dancing Damaris first appeared on the scene more than 100 years ago. She was an active little mulatto girl and where the Madame Schuyler of that day got her I'm sure I don't know, but she must have frequently regretted the acquisition. She danced, danced leverywhere, on her way to church—and no such solemn dances as David danced before the ark, either bringing in the dinner, on the lawn in front of the drawing room windows when illustrious guests were assembled, on her way to the well—for Dancing Damaris' principal duty was fetching

in the water.
"As a faithful biographer I am compelled to admit that she fulfilled this duty wretchedly; of course, you might know so many jigs and hornpipes frequently interfered with an overflowing water bucket, and in a trying moment my respected ancestor, Madam Schuyler, observed that it would give her great satisfaction if Damaris should happen to get drowned in the well. This accident really occurred, the active little mulatto being discovered pend in the water within twenty-four hours after Madam Schuyler had thus relieved her mind. It wasn't good-by to Damaris, however. Soon the ser-vants began to make complaints among themselves, and it coming to the ears of the mistress, she summoned them to her in a body, and by strict questioning heard some strange stories. Damaris still danced about the well o'

water. Some had seen her dancing along the ridge-pole of the house; others had not seen her, but had heard her familiar double shuffle rapping over the walk a m oaken floor, and her loud, rapid giggle Interesting Story of a Wife's Curiosnight after night,
"Those who saw her said she was a

most unpleasant person to meet sud-denly on a dark night, especially if one's conscience wasn't quite easy Her garments dripped, her eyes gog-SECRET OF AN OLD DESK gled and rolled, her complexion was ashy purple, and her incessant dancing was accompanied by threatening and beckening gestures. Mme. Schuyler said she didn't believe a word of it, but nevertheless she took to burning night lights and had a servant sleep in her and went to the well herself and was not seen to return, and when search was made the old lady was found at the bottom of the well. When the dead woman wasdrawn from the water, It deing then after dark, Damaris' it was said that she had pushed her mistress into the well. For many years it was rumored that the mulatto's light antustic toe haunted the well, and a

> filled up the old one, to destroy the superstition of Dancing Damaris." "That was most unkind, I'm sure, when we meet with so few really reliable haunted places," breathed Winifred regretfully.

"And here is the house," said Christo-

little later Schuyler dug a new well and

pher, drawing rein suddenly. It had indeed been a fair mansion of yore. It was large, it was lofty, many-windowed, and with ample wings extending to the sides and rear. The front entrance was still imposing, for the great door swinging open to admit its many occupants, showed a deep hall with oaken beams and a wide and winding staircase with hollow steps, which once trod by belies and beaux in the olden time now re-echoed to the heavy tread of the weary mill hand or his hard-working wife. At this time of windows, day the place swarmed with children, "As my some of whom bloomed with a beauty

not exceeded by any Schuyler of them "Will you get out and go through the touse?" asked Christopher.
"N-no, I think not;" faintly answered I can now imagine anything I like tilly by its moistened edges and laid it, about it. Drive on, do. Oh, what a em--!" and she buried her face in her the table. At the moment she did this handkerchief. From within the handkerchief came a remonstrative voice.

"Aren't you going to tell me any more stories about it?" "There are no more, my dear."
"Why, I know better." said Winifred indignantly. "Wasn't there ever a hidden treasure, concealed diamonds, boxes of gold, gems rich and rare, secreted for

some lucky heir to discover?"
"By George;" said Christopher suddenly, "I wish I could find Uncle John's

"There; didn't I say there were other egends that you could remember if ou tried?" "But this," explained her husband,

"is distinctly modern. It only dates back forty or fifty years." "Well?" was Winifred's only reply, in her most eager, coaxing manner, and so winsome was she that Christopher first looked around to see if there was any danger of detection, and then took

a hasty kiss.

"You see," he commenced, much refreshed by the interlude, "my grandfather had a half-brother. Everybody called him Uncle John. Most of his life was spent at sea, but when he was near-ly 60 years old he came, poor and sick, to grandfather for a home. Uncle John was a physical wreck. Nobody sup-posed he could live more than a month or two, but as a matter of fact care and father, then a boy of 12 or so, and confided to him the fact that he had \$3,000 somewhere, and it was to become my father's property at Uncle John's death. But this was absolutely all he told. The whereabouts of the money he failed to attention prolonged this life for fifty a few hours later, and no one but my father ever believed that Uncle John had a cent. There was some search made-not much-but nothing was ever

"Chris," said Winifred, after a pause, "If that money were found to whom would it belong?" "To you, darling," responded the in-

fatuated man. "Do you mean, truly, that it would be legally yours?" "I'm the very fellow."

"Then, Christopher Schuyler, you must set about finding it at once. "Most happy, I'm sure, but if the united intellects of the past generation couldn't study up what had become of it, I don't see much chance for me.

"What shameful indifference plain duty," sighed Winifred. Uncle John's clothes all ripped to pieces His pocketbooks picked apart? books carefully looked over, leaf by leaf? The walls of his room sounded?

"And his house torn down, the den dug up and the nearest pond dragged," interrupted Christopher with a great laugh, as they stopped in front of their own door, and he lifted his wife out of the carriage with the same formalities which were observed in putting

So reprehensible was Christopher's indifference that several days elapsed before it occurred to him to say to Winifred, who was hanging about him, pressing his hair disarranging his desk, putting a flower in his button-hole might have lived in ease and comfort, and otherwise distracting his attention but she wouldn't. She owned farms from the manuscript he was attemptand otherwise distracting his attention ing to copy. "By the way, this was Uncle John's desk."

"And you never told me before!" cried Winifred, flying out of the chair on which she had temporarily perched. "How do you know that Uncle John's money isn't in it, in some secret drawer, perhaps, opening with a con-

cealed spring?"
"I went through all that nonsense when I was a boy," replied Mr. Schuyler loftly. "I, too, fancied I should be the hero to solve the mystery, and begged my father to let me search for secret springs and hidden drawers and the rest of the trash, but of course, I never found any. Father was very sure, however, that Uncle John meant what he said," he added, musingly.

"Yet there may be a secret in the old desk which you haven't discovered," murmured Winifred, walking around the desk with a gaze as fixed as if she expected a secret drawer to fly out to

She sat down on the floor and began pull out the drawers one by one. Each was palpably honest and contained no hidden receptable, though she searched above, below, behind all. She restored them to their places with a sigh, and sat down in front of it. Christopher looked at her and laughed.

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"How mercenary!" said he. "What

"Now my feelings are quite different. I would indeed like to know the fate of the shekels, but only in the spirit of the Yankee who lost a cent and spent three days hunting for it, and when twitted about it, said he didn't care nothin' 'bout the cent, but he'd like to know where

the darned thing went to."
"Chris," said Winifred, poring over a large picture which was glued to the inside of the desk lid, "isn't this funny? See this long-waisted lady talking to the sworded gallants, her hair isn't much longer than theirs; and see oom. One day she took a water pitcher | this horse walking with his hind legs and trotting—no. galloping—with his forelegs. And see the ship in the back ground, apparently stranded in a sylvangrove, but I suppose we are expected to understand that this brook in the foreground winds through these woods malevolent chuckle and giggle were and in the course of a few minutes' heard by the workers, and, of course, walk becomes many miles wide and deep enough to float a large ship.

"And what an odd inscription: view of Exton park, belonging to the Rt. Houble, the earl of Gainesborough, to whom this plate is inscribed by his to whom this plate is inscribed by his lordship's most dutiful and most obedt servt. T. Smith.' I suppose this is T. Smith sitting on the bank with a sketching book in his hand, absorbing at his leisure the lovely effects of the deer, the waterfall, the rowboat on the river and the castle in the background. I see that the background. I see that the fashion of docking horses' tails is not at all modern, for these poor things have their tails docked, and the picture is dated October, 1764. Do you suppose it is really as old as that?" "Very likely."

"Chris," continued she, "this picture is a curlosity. Let's have it framed."

"Certainly, if you wish."
"I will unglue it carefully and you shall take it in town for a suitable frame and glass, and I will hang it—let me see-in the upper hall between the

"As my lady pleases." His lady forthwith pleased herself by ordering hot water and various cloths and towels and sponges, and with these appliances went through a process of soaking and loosening the picture, "N-no,I think not," faintly answered which left its old quarters with some Winifred. "It would destroy my ideal. reluctance. She finally lifted it dainthe table. At the moment she did this she saw another paper, also yellow and time-stained, which the removal of the picture had brought to light. "What is that?" inquired Chris.

Winifred carefully smoothed out her picture before glancing at her husband. He was standing entirely motionless, looking at the paper.
"Winifred," he said, "I believe
you're a witch!"

"Certainly," said Winifred; "can you doubt it?" "This paper, unless I am attacked by softening of the brain, which seems

to me very probable, was secreted by Uncle John and tells the whereabouts of the debatable money "Really, Chris? Really? I don't be-

"Listen to what the old gentleman says: 'As I have a comfortable home and am in no present need of money, I shall put three thousand dollars in gold at the bottom of the well of Dancing Damaris, which my half-brother is now engaged in filling up. At my death, when this paper will be found, the money shall go to Christo-pher Schuyler. Signed John Vande-water Schuyler.' The spelling is phon-Can this be authentic? Winifred, is this a hoax you have arranged for

said Winifred, indignantly. "How can you say such a thing?"
"How absurd it would be for me

But this was absolutely all he tord. The whereabouts of the money he failed to communicate for some reason or other; the old well is nearly if not gite in the middle of old Mr. Murphy's potato the middle of old Mr. Murphy's potato

'Dreadfully unromantic!" sighed Winifred, "But, oh! to relieve my mind do, dear Chris, go and dig!" "To dig I am ashamed, I must confess, for such a purpose in the nine-teenth century, but I shall never know peace if I don't, for I shall always think

—there laid a fortune to my hand and 1 would not grasp it." "Oh, yes, of course you must investigate! As a side issue the tale of Christopher's dealings with Mr. Murphy became a standing joke with the young couple. The astute son of Erin, who could neith

er read nor write, nevertheless succeed-ed in obtaining double the worth of his potato patch from the young man, who deemed it best to purchase the land before digging in it.

Then one day the daily papers related a romantic tale of the discovery of cer-tain hidden treasures in an old unused well. The types set the amount at a very large sum, but Christopher and

Winifred knew it was neither more nor less than the sum mentioned by Uncle John; yet a not inconsiderable addition to the income of the poor storywright.
"Winifred," said Christopher one day, "how does it happen that you do not inquire about the landscape you wanted

"I forgot it," confessed Winifred. "When one becomes unexpectedly pos-sessed of a fortune, one forgets lesser

things. Chris took his wife by the hand, led her to a sofa, sat down beside her with his arm around her and with her head on his shoulder (let it not be forgotten,

as some palliation of this conduct, that they were very lately married) thus re-"When I took the landscape to be framed the dealer asked various quesions about it, and finally said he would like to keep it a few weeks to show in his window. I forgot all about it till to-day, when I happened to think of it and went after it. He then told me this pic

ture is one of a set of twelve; the other eleven belong to a museum in the city, and they are anxious to complete the set, and will pay us as many hundreds as Uncle John left thousands. Now, darling, it rests with you. You shall have the picture back or the money— "What beautiful romantic things hap-

pen to one when one marries, especially if one marries a Schuyler," said Wini-

fred.
"And will you sell this picture, dearie?"
"My poverty, but not my will con-

sents," said she.
"And what will you do with the money and with Uncle John's money, you grasping little thing?"
"Since the old Schuyler house of your ancestors has passed away from us for-ever, let us make the beginning of a new Schuyler house, only on a smaller "And then perhaps we may be an-estors ourselves some time," said Chris

reflectively.

A BASE FABRICATION. The Family Tree Could Not Have Been Genuine. From the Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

At Heraldry Office-Agent-Yes, my dear lady, I find that the De Coursers are lineally descended from the ancient and honorable family of Corsairs. I have prepared the chart with great

Snob (casts it down)-Fudge! Agent-So like the Corsairs! Always hot-tempered, yet chivalrous, peo-

Snob—You're an old bald-headed fraud and deadbeat. You—
"Why, my dear lady, I——"
"I'd be ruined in our set if I should present that thing."
"Impossible madam—what's wrong?"
"Don't you say there that the ancient family were noted for living happily with their wives?"

And that agent made no charge, on

THE STATE OF HER MIND.

"Morcenary! Indeed t am! I would It Was Lucky for Her Hasband That Tele walk a mile for \$3,000!"

graphing Comes High. graphing Comes High, From the Detroit Free Press.

There was little red streaks in her face and a blaze in her eyes as she came into a country telegraph office not a thousand mies from Detroit.
"I want to telegraph to my husband." she said, with a snap of her large and

shapely jaws.
"Yes, madame," responded the operator, handing her some blanks.
"How much will it be?" she inquired.
"I don't know, madame," replied the

operator, with keen politeness and a faint smile. "Don't know," she exclaimed. "What

are you here for?"
"To tell people what I know, madam, and to send and receive messages "Well, why don't you know how much a telegram will cost?

"Because, madam, I don't know where it is to be sent. "Well, you needn't be so smart," she snapped. "It is to go to Detroit."

"Thank you, madam; it will be twen-ty-live cents." She made no further remark, but took the blanks, and in the course o time returned with about ten pages of

closely-written matter.
"There!" she said, laying a quarter down with the message; "send that."
"But, madam," explained the operator," it is twenty-five cents for ten words," "What?" she ejaculated.

"You can only send ten words for twenty-five cents." She looked him square in the face as she tried to suppress her feelings.

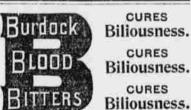
"Are you a married man?" she asked.
"Yes, madam." Well, you must be an idlot if you don't know that a woman can't give her husband a piece of her mind in ten words," and, without waiting to hear anything more from him, she flouted herself out of the office, taking her mes sage with her.

The Cry of Place Hunters.

From the Syracuse Post. The economy and retrenchment so loudly proclaimed as a matter of Democratic reform is but the false cry of the spoils power seeking to empty the Departments in Washington and elsewhere of the public servants long employed therein, for the purpose of filling their places in the near future with Democrats who have no claim whatever to public confidence or public employment.

No Use For a Brush. "I want to give brother Tom some lit-tle gift before he leaves for college.

What would you get?"
Florence—'1 saw some lovely hair brushes with silver monogram, and—" "You silly girl; don't you know he belongs to the foot ball team?"-Chicago



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Rooms 24, 25 and building, Scranton.

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L. BROWN, ARCH. B. ARCHITECT, Price building, 126 Washington avenue, Scranton. Miscellaneous. BAUER'S ORCHESTRA - MUSIC FOR

E. L. WALTER, ARCHITECT. OFFICE

balls, picnics, parties, receptions, wed-dings and concert work furnished. For terms address R. J. Bauer, conductor, 117 Wyoming avenue, over Hulbert, s mu-HORTON D. SWARTS-WHOLESALE lumber, Price building, Scranton, Pa. MEGARGEE BROTHERS, PRINTERS

HORSES AND CARRIAGES FOR SALE at 1523 Capouse avenue. D. L. FOOTE, Agent. FRANK P. BROWN & CO., WHOLE-sale dealers in Woodware, Cordage and Oil cloth, 720 West Lackawanna ave.

supplies, envelopes, paper bags, twine. Warehouse, 139 Washington ave., Scran-

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Coal of the best quality for domestic use, and of all sizes, delivered in any part of the city at lowest price. Orders left at my Office NO. 118 WYOMING AVENUE,

Rear room, first floor, Third National Bank, or sent by mall or telephone to the mine, will receive prompt attention. Special contracts will be made for the sale and delivery of Buckwheat Coal. WM. T. SMITH.

Central Railroad of New Jersey. (Lehign and Susquehanna Division) Anthracite coal used exclusively, insur-ing cleanliness and comfort, TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MAY 20, 1894.

Trains leave Scranton for Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at \$20, 9.15, 11.30 a.m., 2.50, 2.00, 3.30, 5.00, 7.25, 11.65 p.m. Sundays, 1.00 a.m., 1.00, 2.15, 7.10 p.m. For Atlantic City, 8.20 a.m. For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 2.20 (express) a.m., 12.50 (express with Buffet parlor car) 3.30 (express) p.m. Sunday, 125 p.m.

2.16 p.m. For Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlo-hem, Easton and Philadelphia, 8.20 a.m., 12.50, 5.30, 5.00 (except Philadelphia) p.m. Sundov, 215 nm.

12.50, 3.30, 5.00 (except Philadelphia) p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m.
For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8.20 a.m., 12.50 p.m.
For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, yie Albentown, 8.20 a.m., 12.50, 5.00 p.m.
Sunday, 2.15 p.m.
For Pottsville, 8.20 a.m., 12.50 p.m.
Returning, leave New York, foot of Liberty street, North river, at 9.10 (express) a.m., 1.10, 1.30, 4.30 (express) with Buffet parlor car) p.m. Sunday, 4.30 a.m., Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 9.00 a.m., 2.00 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday, 6.27 a.m.

Through tickets to all points at lowest rates may be had on application in advance to the ticket agent at the station,
II. P. HALDWIN,
Gen. Pass. Agent.

J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.

MAY 13, 1894.

MAY 13, 1894.

Train leaves Scranon for Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38 and 11.38 p.m. via D., & W. R. R., 6.00.88,11.29 a.m. and 1.39 p.m. Leave Scranton for Pittston and Wilken-Barre, via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08,11.29 a.m., 1.30, 2.50 6.07, 8.50 p.m.

Leave Scranton for White Haven, Hagleton, Pottsville and all points on the Beaver Meadow and Pottsville branches, via E. & W. V., 6.40 a.m., via D. & H. R. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 4.00 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.29 a.m., 1.30, 2.50 p.m. Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton,

Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton, Rending, Harrisburg and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R. 7.45 a.m., 12.95, 2.38, 11.28 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.90, 8.08, 11.29 a.m., 1.39 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R. 8.45 a.m., 12.65 and 11.25 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08 a.m., 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R. 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 5.51, 11.38 p.m., via D., & W. R. R. and Pittston Junction, 8.68 a.m., 1.30, 5.59 p.m., via D. & W. V. R. R., 3.41 p.m.

For Elmira and the west via Salamanca, via D. & H. R. R. 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 6.65 p.m., via D. L. & W. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 1.30, 3.04 5.07 p.m.

Puliman parlor and sleeping or L. V. chair cars on all trains between L. & B. Junction or Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Suspension ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt. HAS. S. LEE.Gen. Pass. Ag't.Phila. Pa. ..W.NONNEMACHER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Ag't. South Bethlehem, Pa.

Del., Lack. and Western. Trains leave Scranton as follows: Ex-press for New York and all points East, 1.40, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m.; 12.55 and 2.50

1.40, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m.; 12.55 and 2.50 p.m.
Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the south, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m., 12.55 and 3.50 p.m.
Washington and way stations, 2.55 p.m., Tobyhanna accommodation, 6.10 p.m., Express for Binghanton, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Dansville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12.15, 2.15 a.m. and 1.21 p.m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest, Bath accommodation, 9 a.m. nd Southwest.

Bath accommodation, 9 a.m.

Bingbamton and way stations, 12.37 p.m.

Nicholson accommodation, at 4 p.m. and

Binghamton and Elmira Express, m. Express for Cortland, Syracuse, Oswego tica and Richfield Springs, 2.15 a.m. and 1.24 p.m. Ithuca, 2.15 and Bath 9 a.m. and 1.24 p.m. For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Dan-Barre. Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Dan-ville, making close connections at North-umberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baitimore, Washington and the South, Northumberland and intermediate sta-tions, 6.90, 8.55 a.m. and 1.30 and 6.97 p.m. Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 6.08 and 11.20 a.m. Plymouth and inter-mediate stations, 3.56 and 8.82 p.m. Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains

all express trains

For detailed information, pocket to
tables, etc., apply to M. L. Snytticket office, 23 Lackawanna v
depot ticket office.

Eric and Wyoming Trains leave Scranton d intermediate points on ad at 6.35 a.m. and 334 road at 6.55 a.m. and 324 p.m. for Honesdale. Hawley and local s at 6.35, 9.45 a.m., and 3.24 p.m. All the above are through trains to and from Honesdale.

An additional train leaves Scranton for Lake Ariel at 5.10 p. m. and arrives at Scranton from the Lake at 7.45 p.m. Trains leave for Wilkes-Barre at 6.40 a.m. and 3.11 p.m.



SCRANTON DIVISION. In Effect Sept. 16th, 1894.

In Enece Sepie roin, 15541							
Nor	th]	Bonn	d.	South		Bound.	
Puss cal	200 MAN	Fuse I	Stations (Trains Daily Except Sunda	Pars.	Ontario 60 Day Ex Ex	Pass 902	
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7 08 11 29 A M 6 51 11 34 9 15 6 48 f 130 9 12 6 43 ... 70 06 6 41 11 28 9 03 6 35 11 18 8 57 6 32 (7115 8 54 6 29 11 11 8 50 6 25 11 67 8 44 Carbondale White Bridge Mayfield Jermyn Archibald Winton Peckville

AMUSEMENTS.

A CADEMY OF MUSIC. Thursday, Oct. 18, WILLIAM A. BRADY'S GREAT

NAVAL PLAY

BEAUIFUL SCENERY.

A STRONG CAST. Sale of seats opens Tuesday, Oct. 16.

A CADEMY OF MUSIC. Friday and Saturday, OCTOBER 19 AND 20. THE COMEDY SUCCESS,

THE NEW OLE OLSON

A Swedish Dialect Comedy Drama Dressed up to date with NEW SONGS,

NEW DANCES, **NEW FUN** Sale of seats opens Wednsday, Oct. 17,

THE FROTHINGHAM. Friday and Saturday and Saturday Matinee,

Oct. 19 and 20. The Mavelous Sensational Drama

KEEF Niblo's Garden, New York, Co. in the SWIM ENTITLED

SEE

THIS GREAT New and Elaborate Scenery. PLAY.

The Moving Ship "Ruth Morley,"

The Great Tramp Quintette, A Great Cast of Characters.

Sale of Seats Wednesday morning.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, OCTOBER 18, 19 AND 20 .

Superb Company of Celebrities Composed of a number of the most re-fined and artistic specialty artists in tta world, headed by the original

THE VIVIAN DE MONTO

The Modern Hercules, the strongest man ADMISSION, 10, 20 OR 30 CENTS

Two performances daily at 2.30 and 8.15 p.m.

SAMSON,



FALL TIES come with autumn hues, and welldressed men in this town come to see us for their ties at all seasons. It's funny that we're away ahead, when we tie ail, but we are, and we do supply all with the finest, latest and most stylish neckwear in this county. Here are ties as pleas-ing as those of blood are strong, at

CONRAD, HATTER, 305 LACKAWANNA AVENUE.



Commencing Monday, day, July 30, all trains will arrive at new Lack-awanna avenue station as follows:
Trains will leave Scranton station for Carbondale and intermediate points at 2.20, 5.45, 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.29, 2.55, 5.15, 6.15, 7.25, 9.10 and 11.20 p.m.

For Farview, Waymart and Honesdale at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20 and 5.15 p.m.

6.41 | 11.28 | 9.68 | Jermyn | 731 | 345 | 545 |
6.32 | 11.18 | 8.57 | Archibald | 740 | 351 | 551 |
6.32 | 11.18 | 8.57 | Winton | 748 | 359 | 554 |
6.22 | 11.05 | 8.51 | Dickson | 7.51 | 4.07 | 6.07 |
6.22 | 11.05 | 8.41 | Dickson | 7.51 | 4.07 | 6.07 |
6.23 | 11.05 | 8.41 | Dickson | 7.51 | 4.07 | 6.07 |
6.29 | 11.18 | 8.32 | Throop | 7.56 | 4.07 | 6.07 |
6.29 | 11.05 | 8.31 | Providence | 8.00 | 4.14 | 6.14 |
6.13 | 11.05 | 8.32 | Providence | 8.00 | 4.14 | 6.14 |
6.13 | 11.05 | 8.33 | Park Place | 8.02 | (4.17 | 6.16 |
6.10 | 10.25 | 8.39 | Seranton | 8.04 | 4.20 | 6.20 |
p. 31 | A. 31 | A. 31 | Leave | Arrive | A. 31 | p. 31 | p. 31 |

All trains run daily except Sunday.

f. signifies that trains stop on signal for passengers.

Secure rates via Omario & Western before purchasing tickets and save money. Day and Night Express to the West.

J. C. Anderson, Gen. Pass. Agt.

T. Fliteroft, Div. Pass. Agt., Scranton, Pa.

Trains will arrive at Scranton, 1.740, 8.40, 9.34 and 10.30 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 2.34, 3.40, 5.55, 7.46, 9.11 and 11.33 p.m.

From Montreal, Saratoga, the Adirondacks and Montreal at 5.45 a.m., and 2.20 p.m.

From Honesdale, Waymart and Farview at 9.24 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 2.34, 5.45 | 5.55, 7.46, 9.11 and 11.33 p.m.

From Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 2.34 and 11.33 p.m.

From Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 2.15, 8.04, 10.05 and 11.55 a.m., 1.16, 2.14, 5.29, 5.10, 6.08, 7.20, 9.03 and 11.15 p.m.





They are prompt, sale and certain in result. The zenaine (Dr. Peal's) never disap-noint, Bentany where, \$1.00. Address Pran Manucium Co., Cleveland, O.

Dr. Peal's Pennyroyal Pills For Sale by JOHN H. PHELPS, Pharmacist, Cor. Wyoming Avenue and

For Sale by C. M. HARRIS, Druggist, 127 Penn Avenue.